Hip. Twas *Flauia.*

Emil. Yes

You talke of *Pirithous* and *Theſeus* love;
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely ſeaſond,
More buckled with ſtrong Iudgement, and their needes
The one of th'other may be ſaid to water
Their intertangled rootes of love, but I
And ſhee (I ſigh and ſpoke of) were things innocent,
Lou'd for we did, and like the Elements
That know not what, nor why, yet doe effect
Rare iſſues by their operance; our ſoules
Did ſo to one another; what ſhe lik'd,
Was then of me approov'd, what not condemd
No more arraignement, the flowre that I would plucke
And put betweene my breaſts, oh (then but beginning
To ſwell about the bloſſome) ſhe would long
Till ſhee had ſuch another, and commit it
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phenix* like
They dide in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her patterne, her affections (pretty
Though happely, her careles, were, I followed
For my moſt ſerious decking, had mine eare
Stolne ſome new aire, or at adventure humd on
From miſicall Coynadge; why it was a note
Whereon her ſpirits would ſojourne (rather dwell on)
And ſing it in her ſlumbers; This rehearſall
(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in
Like old importments baſtard, has this end,
That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be
More then in ſex individuall.

Hip. Y'are out of breath
And this high ſpeeded-pace, is but to ſay
That you ſhall never (like the Maide *Flavina*)
Love any that's calld Man.

Emil. I am ſure I ſhall not.

Hip. Now alacke weake Siſter,
I muſt no more beleeve thee in this point
(Though, in't I know thou doſt beleeve thy ſelfe,)

2. Hearſes ready with Palamon and Arcite: the 3. Queenes. Theſeus: and his Lordes ready.

Then